

It meant to stop zigzagging and take the regular course. The captain gave a good word puzzle tonight. What word of five letters, which is a plural noun, which prevents sleep, is a foe to peace, and which by adding "s" to it then becomes a singular noun, sweet in character and indicates affection? "Cares" plus "s" equals "Caress."

It is 12:30 a. m. and time to go to bed (?). Everything quiet thus far. Two hours to arrival of torpedo boats. Good night, my dear ones.

*June 10, 1918, Monday.* At 2:30 a. m. went out on deck to see the torpedo boats that had just met us. There are seven of them and they help to relieve the anxiety. I came near breaking my arm when I got up. As I was getting out of berth, a roll of the ship threw me out and I struck my arm against the sharp edge of the door that was open. I came out of it with a bruise.

At 12:30 p. m. (Greenwich time) 11:40 our ship time, there was a burial at sea of a U. S. soldier from one of the other ships. All the men were at their stations and stood with bared heads when the body was lowered into the water.

About 4 o'clock a very large steamer passed us convoyed by three torpedo boats. She had four funnels and was probably one of the large British steamers.

Tonight is probably the most dangerous time of our trip. We are right in the heart of the submarine zone; but we still hope for the best. We have tried to prepare ourselves for the worst if it comes. Good night, Mazie. Pray for tomorrow.

*June 11, 1918, Tuesday.* Awoke this morning to a most beautiful day; and if it was not for the lurking danger of submarines I could enjoy it to the utmost. I am enjoying it.

The convoy has been attacked by submarine or submarines. A sharp concussion shook the ship badly. I had call to boats sounded and in a few minutes we were all at our stations. The torpedo boats got after the submarine and fired five depth charges. What result we do not know. I had recall sounded but most of the men preferred to stay on deck. Our breakfast call (8:30 a. m.) sounded and the officers went below for breakfast. I will admit I would rather have stayed on deck. Ate my breakfast *as usual*, but not *quite so much as usual*. We are now entering the Irish Channel and are about 90 miles from land. This is a favorite place for the "subs" to attack